No Need To Rush by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!"
Steve smiles as he runs his hands up Billy's tensed and trembling hamstrings, "So impatient."
"Wouldn't have to be if you'd stop fuckin' lookin' at me and do something, you bitch."

aka Billy Hargrove is a Hungry Bottom.

No Need To Rush

Author's Note:

> I needed to write something with zero fucking preamble. I just wanted Billy as an unabashed bottom who knows what he wants. So. This happened. I'm sure this will not be the last time I write bottom Billy.
>
> Title borrowed from the song All I See Is You by Meaku. I have been rocking out to all the slow jams today.
>
> The drill: unbeta'd, comments/con-crit/kudos are most welcome
>
> Hope you enjoy!

Billy's wicked tongue licks at his lips, his pretty face flushed pink as he pushes his hip down into the mattress, muscular legs spread wide, "C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!"

Steve smiles as he runs his hands up Billy's tensed and trembling hamstrings, "So impatient."

"Wouldn't have to be if you'd stop fuckin' lookin' at me and do something, you bitch."

Billy moans loud as Steve squeezes his cheeks hard, pulls them apart. He can feel Steve's hot breath against his hole and rubs his cock against Steve's expensive sheets.

"I like looking at you though," Steve murmurs huskily and Billy can feel each exhalation against his sensitive skin.

"Fuck, you're killin' me, Princess."

Steve responds with a firm lick over Billy's hole.

"Oh fuck yeah, that's it," Billy growls, pushing his hips back up into

Steve's face. Steve hums, soothing his tongue over Billy's hole before fucking his tongue inside. Steve's mouth is so hot and wet and perfect; there's nothing quite like having Steve's tongue inside him pushing and pulsing and wriggling. Billy is loud. He moans and mewls and whines as he fists the sheets for leverage. He's so hard it hurts and so wet he can feel a puddle of precome forming beneath him.

Steve's really not fairing any better. He loves Billy like this, when he's open and uninhibited. Unabashedly wanton. Steve's cock throbs between his legs as Billy throws a clumsy arm back to fist his hair, hold his head right where he wants it. He's shaking. Steve withdraws his tongue long enough to say, voice muffled and wet against Billy's skin, "You're gonna come before I'm inside you."

And then Billy's fingers twist and tighten in his hair, forcing his mouth back where he needs it, "Then you can make me come again-ah! C'mon, please."

Steve's jaw is aching, but he doesn't let up and it isn't long before Billy's body goes taut as a bowstring. Billy comes on a choked off cry of Steve's name, cock pulsing against the sheets, hole convulsing around Steve's tongue. Billy rocks his hips through it, mercifully releasing his grip on Steve's hair as he comes down. Billy shivers as Steve kisses his hole before slinking up and covering Billy's body with his own.

"Aww, fuck. I love that big fuckin' dick," Billy says as Steve's cock drags between his cheeks, slick with spit. Steve humps against him a few times, huffing into the crook of Billy's neck.

"You want it?"

"Always want it."

Steve bites down on Billy's earlobe, tugs on the earring with his teeth, "Turn over."

Steve rolls off to grab their lube and a rubber while Billy flips himself over, grimacing just the slightest at the feel of cooling spunk beneath the small of his back. He draws his knees up and plays with his cock

as he watches Steve, sticky and definitely begining to take an interest despite his recent release. Steve moans as he rolls the condom on, "I love watching you do that."

Billy grins lasciviously, "This?" he asks as he fists his cock a bit harder, a bit faster.

Steve kneels between Billy's legs, stroking himself as he watches, "God, yeah."

"*Fuck*, love watching you, too."

Steve releases his cock, kneels back between Billy's legs. Billy's eyes follow him as Steve slicks up his cock before drizzling a decent amount of lube over his fingers. Billy hisses, blue eyes rolling back into his head as Steve slips two fingers down his crack before pushing them inside. Billy grips the backs of his knees, pulls them up towards his chest as Steve fingers him open, curling and crooking his fingers until Billy's hard again, cock straining up against his belly.

"Come on, Princess. Do it, fuck me," Billy growls. Steve grins down at him as he lines up and drags his cock against Billy's hole. He moans the moment Billy's body seems to give beneath him and he starts sinking in. Billy's eyes are scrunched shut, brows drawn together, mouth slack, "Oh fuck, Steve."

"Uh huh," Steve murmurs breathlessly, body stilling as he bottoms out. Sinking his weight down into his knees Steve leans over Billy, hooking his legs over his shoulders. He presses his sweaty forehead against Billy's, "God, look at you."

Billy moans long and low at the thick drag of Steve's cock as he draws his hip back before slamming back in. Steve goes slow and deep, focuses on the ebb and flow. Billy can feel Steve's eyes on him, watching his every expression, analyzing every sound. Billy eyes snap open as Steve's cock hits that spot inside that lights him up, "That's it, that's it," he gasps, locking his ankles behind Steve's neck.

Steve laces his fingers together, cradling Billy's head against his own as he picks up the pace. Billy's delirious with pleasure, the mess of slurred nonsense streaming past his lips littered with Steve's name.

Steve is so close, but he wants Billy to come first, "Touch yourself for me, baby."

It's difficult to get a hand between them, but Billy manages to curl his fingers around himself. He can feel Steve's warm belly drag against his cockhead on every stroke. Steve's rhythm is starting to falter, hips stuttering as his lips meet Billy's in a wet, desperate kiss. Steve swallows Billy's cry as his body goes rigid and he comes, spurting up their chests.

Billy's body is so hot and tight around him. Steve bites down on Billy's jaw with a grunt as he stills, cock buried so deep Billy can feel every twitch and pulse as Steve comes hard, "Fuck, Steve."

Steve presses a kiss to the bite mark on Billy's jaw as he gently withdraws. Billy groans as he eases his legs down off of Steve's shoulders. Steve brushes the damp curls off Billy's sweaty forehead, "You okay?"

Billy nods, smiles lazily, "'m good, Princess. Just sore. Gonna be feelin' that later."

Steve rolls off Billy and onto his side, propping his head up in his hand. He smiles back.

"The fuck you lookin' at now?"

"I love you."

Billy doesn't look at him, but Steve can see the way the corners of his mouth twitch. Billy's fingers find his and he twines them together. "I love you, too," he says quietly. Eventually Billy clears his throat and rolls to face Steve, relaxed and happy. "Hey, jackass. Get rid of that shit," he says, flicking at the spent rubber dangling precariously off the end of Steve's dick, "And get me a beer while you're at it."

Steve rolls his eyes, releases Billy's fingers with a squeeze, "Whatever you say, *your majesty*."

"You're damn right."